

THE WORLD.

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THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.

We, the undersigned Advertising Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amounts of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the Average No. of WORLDS Printed Daily from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated, viz.:

238,970 COPIES.

(Signed)
Geo. F. BOWEN & Co., DANCY & Co.,
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H. R. KINGSLEY, J. F. PHILLIPS & Co.,
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Circulation Books Always Open.

CAUCUS FOLLY.

The Democratic Caucus yesterday crowned the many blunders that have been made in the party squabbling over the Mills bill by striking words of art from the free list. With more than \$180,000,000 surplus lying idle in the Treasury, some fancied special interest demands the retention of the present duty, and the caucus yields.

The Democratic House seems determined to emulate the accommodating traveler who journeyed with his son and his jackass.

Of what practical value is the caucus, anyway, when Mr. Blaine, of Brooklyn, defeated in his effort to raise the duty on cotton bagging, announced his intention to spend his amendment in the House?

THE GREAT CAPTAIN BETTER.

The people will rejoice at the improved condition of Gen. Sheridan, and at the renewed hope that the brave soldier's life will be longer spared to his family, his friends and the country he has served so well.

Gen. Sheridan is still in the prime of life. He cannot be spared, for he is one of the very few of the leading heroes of the war now left to us. Besides, he is as much beloved as a man as he is respected and admired as a soldier, and his death would be a grievous national loss.

WHY NOT ALWAYS SO?

The tenement-house on Norfolk street destroyed by fire early this morning was crowded with inmates—men, women and children. They all escaped by means of the effective fire-escapes in front of the building. But for that means of exit, many lives would doubtless have been sacrificed.

Why should this always be the case? The law positively requires that every dwelling-house occupied by two or more families on any floor above the first shall be provided with such good and sufficient fire-escapes or other means of egress in case of fire as shall be directed by the Superintendent of Buildings. Why is this law not always and strictly enforced? Is it because tenement-house owners are rich and tenement-house tenants are poor?

THE PEOPLE'S PRIVILEGE.

The Senate has decided to hold open sessions during the Fisheries Treaty discussion. That is right. The people, who are supposed to rule, ought to be allowed to know how the country is governed, what its policy is and why it is adopted. The less secrecy there is the less blunders there will be; the fewer the closed doors the fewer the betrayals of public trusts. But the idea of Democrats being unwilling to take the people into the confidence of the Government is preposterous.

Let the doors be thrown open at all times and the truth get out.

A SATISFACTORY REPUTATION.

Sir Thomas GRIFFITH EDWARDS, the champion of Irish Home Rule, starts back to England to-day with the best wishes of his friends in the United States, a due appreciation of the hospitality of the country and a \$10,000 check in his pocket to add the good cause, as a contribution to the Parliamentary Fund.

The check will supply 10,000 refutations of JOE CHAMBERLAIN'S ghost story that Americans are opposed to Irish Home Rule, to believe which would be to libel the American people.

CLOSE EARLY.

THE EVENING WORLD, which claims credit for having killed the attempt to repeal the people's Half-Holiday law, now takes hold of the effort to make the act effective by inducing all retail dealers to close their stores at noon on Saturdays from the second Saturday in June during the summer months.

COOPER BROS. and ARNOLD & COMPANY start the ball. Let all retail dealers who would win public approval keep it up.

JOHN O'BRIEN, the contractor, who was beaten in his own county and left off the Democratic State Committee, is more fortunate in contests than in politics. It is said that President Dawes, of the Hudson River and New York Central Railroad, has given

O'BRIEN the \$2,000,000 contract for sinking the Harlem tracks. It is not said whether any contract has been entered into by John to sink the Democratic tracks.

Our military visitors, the Richmond Grays, are winning golden opinions by their perfect discipline and soldierly bearing. Our regiments are making the most of the Virginians, who, although these are times of peace, will be subject to many draughts before they leave the city.

Policeman OWEN GALLAGHER did good work in rescuing the women and children from the Norfolk street fire. He deserves honorable mention. He has it from us. He ought to have it from the Department.

The Senate yesterday "completed" the River and Harbor bill by piling \$1,783,000 on top of the \$19,605,783 appropriated by the House. Perhaps the more the job is loaded down the better.

DINNER AND DESSERT.

Base, 15 cents a pound.
Lettuce, 5 cents a head.
Beets, 15 cents a dozen.
Tomatoes, 30 cents a quart.
Maple syrup, 50 cents a quart.
Brook trout, 50 cents a pound.
Pinto peas, 50 cents a dozen.
Spanish mackerel, 10 to 15 cents a pound.
Chicken halibut, 30 cents a pound.
Strawberries, 15 to 25 cents a box.
Cantaloupes, 10 cents a pound.
Southern cherries, 50 cents a pound.
California apricots, 30 cents a small box.
Yellow bananas, 30 cents a dozen; red, 40 to 50 cents.

There was a salmon weighing thirty-two pounds on exhibition in Fulton Market this morning. It was caught off Gay Head Light, Martha's Vineyard, on Sunday. Price 50 cents a pound.

POPULAR IN JERSEY CITY.

Halley Allen is seeking health at Los Angeles, Cal.

Commodore Pearson, of the Jersey City Yacht Club, proposes a great season.

City Surveyor Frank Earle has the map of Jersey City fixed in his eye-glasses.

Frederick Emil Steyer is a leader, socially as well as politically, in the Fourth District.

The only George Washington in Jersey City is the proprietor of a Newark avenue saloon.

Supt. Sayre, of the Jersey City and Bergen Railroad Company, is fond of driving good horses.

Garret E. Winans, of the new Park Commission, is President of the Hudson County Bible Society.

Raymond Noonan, of the Hill, has returned from New South Wales and will lecture on his experiences.

Counselor W. T. Baker is becoming a terror to the liquor men as the counsel of the Law and Order Society.

Veterinary Surgeon Armstrong, of Bergen avenue, makes weekly trips to Tuxedo to look after the steers taken to the Lordland stables.

Col. "Will" Heppner is a rising young man. He is an Assemblyman, one of Gov. Green's staff and one of the new Park Commissioners.

Finance Commissioner Hardenbergh calls for Berge in search of health and pleasure June 6, accompanied by Rev. Father Hennessy, of St. Patrick's Church.

Assemblyman James Norton, of the Second District, will be sent back to Trenton by Democratic votes in the fall. He has made a splendid record during his one term in the Assembly.

Mayor Cleveland, like his illustrious namesake in the White House, has a faithful "Dan" as a right-hand man. The Mayor's secretary, "Dan" McMahon, is not as great a politician as "Dan" Lamont, but is every bit as popular among his friends.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

Bert. McGowan wears three gilt stripes on his coat-sleeves.

James Fitzpatrick is always on hand when there is any trouble.

Lawyer Astoria, "Avvocato Italiana," is often seen about the Court-House.

Harry Handford, of the Morrisania Wheelmen's Club is an expert billiard player.

George A. Pierce is a member of the Harlem Wheelmen's Bowling Club. His friends say he is "a daisy."

City Marshal Martin spends his Sundays with his family. Model husband and father! They all go to Sunday School.

The members of the Eureka Association and the Polo Club seek to monopolize the social entertainments in the Twenty-first Ward.

What has happened to "Doc" Duffy? He used to be in the best humor possible, but lately he has changed wonderfully, his friends say.

Civil Justice Clancy and his clerks are all glad that the time is approaching when they will get into their new court-room at Centre Market.

Good-natured Policeman Albert Westcott, of Oak street, measured thirty-six inches across the breast when he joined the force. He now measures forty-six inches.

William Ocker, clerk in a Broadway liquor store, is a mind-reader. When a customer enters he gets his "wash" without asking for it. Ocker seldom makes a mistake.

When Policeman O'Rourke joined the force he was given a post on Mulberry Bend. He bought \$2 worth of Italian books, studied the language, and now speaks Italian better than many of the natives who arrive in New York.

Richard Mariland is not only one of the handsomest men in Fulton Market, but he is a good baseball player as well. Lovers of the game wonder how "Dick" learns to play. The wonderers shall be enlightened: Dick was a member of the old Witkita Club long before many of them were born.

WORLDLINGS.

King Humbert's Palace in Rome, the Quirinal, contains 5,000 rooms, only 125 of which are occupied by the King and his household.

An elm tree growing in the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, is a relic of the famous tree under which William Penn held the first treaty with the Indians.

Two young boys of Lafayette, Wis., went out hunting a few mornings ago and shot five wolves before noon. Then they took the skins to the County Clerk and received \$100 in bounty certificates for their morning's work.

Dr. E. B. Bortner, of Louisville, wears attention to his watch chain a charm made of a stone resembling moss agate that was once the property of a Pharaoh of Egypt. It is said to have once been a talisman of one of the chiefs of the Pharaohs of India.

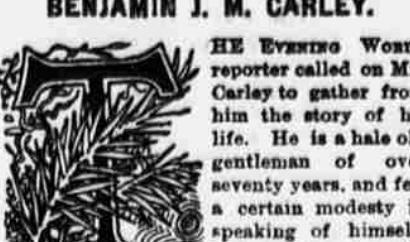
Marshall Field, the Chicago dry-goods merchant, has a fortune of \$80,000,000. He is the most successful dealer in dry goods in this country since the days of A. T. Stewart. His old partner, L. Z. Leiter, who now lives in Washington, is worth \$10,000,000.

Jesse Roth, of Newtown, Pa., had the little toe of each foot amputated the other day as a remedy for corns. He had suffered such pain that he threatened to cut the toes off with a chainsaw if he failed to get relief. He has since been cured.

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MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

BENJAMIN J. M. CARLEY.



THE EVENING WORLD reporter called on Mr. Carley to gather from him the story of his life. He is a hale old gentleman of over seventy years, and felt a certain modesty in speaking of himself. But on learning the object of THE EVENING WORLD, namely, to present to its readers examples of men who had started in with pluck, brains and good health and had made their way to a comfortable position by their industry, he furnished these details:

"I was born in the city of New York in the year 1817. My parents were both Americans, my father having been born in the city of Newburgh, N. Y., and my mother being a native of Rhode Island. My father was a ship-builder and we lived in Grand street. I was only six years old at the time of his death.

"My boyhood was like that of tens of thousands of boys in this city. I was full of fun and spirits, fond of everything athletic, could swim like a duck and delighted in climbing about. One feat in which I was a little ahead of the other boys was to stand in a barrel and jump from it into another barrel. So I laid the foundation of a good healthy body, and probably owe some of my good health to-day when my seventy-one years are free from aches and infirmities to this early exercise.

"I had a year or two of schooling, enough to learn to read and write, and that concluded my educational career. I really learned more of my mother than I did from the schoolmaster. I did not go to school until after my father's death, and after this short time at books I began to work. I have worked ever since, and probably would not feel contented if I did not have something to do. But I have had the satisfaction of making a success of my life.

"My first attempt at wage-earning was at 'throwing the wheel' in a rope-walk. 'Throwing the wheel' is what the boys used to call it, and it means turning the wheel in a rope-walk to spin the hemp. At present, when machinery has invaded so many different occupations which were once manual labor, this is done by horse or steam power. I believe, in my childhood it was an occupation for which boys were always engaged.

"Twenty-five cents a day was the wages which I received for 'throwing the wheel.' A dollar and a half a week is not a very big salary, but it was something. I used to turn my money over to my mother. I worked in the rope-walk for a year, and then I got a position with Mapes, one of the first manufacturers of fine-cut chewing tobacco. I remained for about a year with Mapes, and then went to some Spaniards who were engaged in the manufacture of cigars.

"I was not influenced by sickness in these changes so much as by a desire to better my position by striking higher wages. But my next move was one that was a good deal the outcome of boyish enthusiasm and feeling. I suppose eight out of ten boys have felt the desire to run away to sea. The average of those who actually do it is much smaller.

"I did not exactly 'run away' to sea, but I came as near it as going when my mother was very much opposed and protested against it. I shipped in a foretop sail schooner called the Eagle, which was bound for Richmond, Va. The talk of the boys had bitten me with the fever for seafaring and I got a dose of it. But here, too, I was on the lookout for a chance to better myself. It was not pure romance or the craving for going to unknown places.

"We got to Richmond all right, but on my return the Eagle was wrecked on Abasco bar. Shipwreck is a fine thing to read about, but it is not such a pleasant thing to go through with. In the morning after the Eagle had stranded on the bar I looked around and saw at no great distance the mainland, with the waves rolling in big breakers on the shore.

"Hurrah, I yelled, 'It's easy enough to swim to land.'

"I felt considerably relieved at finding that only a moderate stretch of water lay between me and safety. But the mate slightly damped my hopes by saying: 'Young'un, you might swim it, but you wouldn't make the shore. The undertow would pull you back or you'd be thumped to pieces on the rocks by their breakers.'

"So I did not trust myself to my swimming powers, but waited with the rest of the crew to see what would turn up. Fortunately it came the next day at 10 o'clock. We had signals of distress flying, and they were sighted by a ship sailing by us. She had to wait till the tide rose, and then came and picked us up.

"I contracted the fever and ague as the outcome of my voyaging, and it shook all desire for life on the bright blue sea out of me. I took up business on terra firma. I engaged in the oyster business, and have been in it substantially ever since. I was an expert opener and a clean one—that is, I used to open them without getting mud or bits of shell on the oysters. So I was rather a favorite with my employers.

"Shortly after Fulton Market was built I began to open oysters in it. That was some-where about 1820, I think. I am the oldest oysterman in New York, I suppose. I used to work at one time for Dorlan's father.

"For five years I drove a cart, and I worked in two or three hotels, such as the Tammany Hotel and the Masonic Hotel. After several ventures of this kind I had saved up a little money and went into partnership with Willard Phelps in 1846. We were a firm of oyster dealers in Fulton Market.

"This partnership lasted for about thirty years. During the Centennial year Phelps ran a branch in Fulton street and I looked after the place in the market. After this the firm dissolved. I bought out Phelps's interest in it and continued the business by myself. It gradually developed into what it is now, an oyster and chop-house.

"So I have been connected with Fulton Market for forty-two years. Any success I have secured has been obtained by a steady application to business. I have worked from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. There are only three men in the market who were here when I came. My son has been in business with me ever since the new market was started. I have done my share of work and am not dissatisfied with the results of it. Probably I may retire soon, and take things a little easier. My health has been excellent, and except a little shortness of breath, it is as good now as it ever was, and I feel as active as I did when I was a boy."

WHICH?

THE Lady of the Tigress" of Sukohob.

BY MISS W. L. HUDSON.

A little hamlet consisting of scarcely more than a dozen houses, situated on the bank of a stream that is almost, though not quite, large enough to be called a brook, has the name of Sukohob. In this town lives a young lady—but such a little lady!—so small that she is barely five feet in height. Her name is May, but everybody calls her "the Princess of Sukohob." She lives a short distance from the stream on a rise of ground which is known as Eagle Hill. Her house is the general rendezvous of almost all the young people for miles around. On Sunday the fellows go up there, walking, on horseback, or on their bicycles, all to pay court to the Princess.

A little beyond this house are two more—one a very old mansion, one of the sights of the country, and the other a handsome and dignified, first-class hotel, both of which are diamond-shaped windows placed side by side on a hill above. Next to it is a little house which looks even older than the one I have just described. In this house lives another girl, Agatha Wood, by name.

About a mile further on lives a great friend of both Agatha and the "Princess." Her name is Elinor Pedington. Of course there are other girls in the neighborhood, but these three are by far the belles.

Not very long ago a boy, while walking along by the side of the little stream, saw a pistol sticking upright in the sandy soil, and beside it a box of cartridges. He carried them to his parents, and they were much surprised to find that pistol and cartridge-box belonged to their stepson. This stepson generally lives in the house of which I have just spoken, but he is full of historical associations, but was at this time, they thought, in England.

In great perturbation the father and mother went to the place where the pistol was found, and there they discovered a note from their stepson which read:

"I have jumped into the stream and drowned myself because of my unrequited affection for—"

"They could not make out the next word. It was either 'Agatha' or 'Agatha's'."

"Elinor, of the three, but which they could not tell.

"They decided that they would go first to the 'Princess' and ask her. Down they walked to her headquarters. This led several people enjoying themselves.

"The 'Princess' sat on the railing of the piazza. On one side sat a gentleman who was to the girls what the 'Princess' was to the fellows—their idol, for they worshiped the very ground that Rodney Rodman walked upon.

"On the other side of the 'Princess' was a fellow who had come to the city on his bicycle—a tall, slender, graceful and gentlemanly looking, but not very handsome. Still, he came in for his share of popularity. His name was Harry Field.

"The 'Princess' and Harry's chum, Charlie Emmons. By his side were Agatha and Elinor, for he was almost as popular as Rodney. There were half a dozen other fellows on the piazza, and every one of them was a 'good fellow' in the eyes of the girls.

"The father and mother disliked to broach the subject, but it had to be done, so at last the mother spoke to them all and told them that her son was drowned.

"The 'Princess' heard it and she rose from her seat and walked into the house without a word. Agatha sank down on the piazza in a swoon and Elinor went into hysterics.

"The father and mother were so alarmed at this that they went away at once, the father declaring that it must have been the 'Princess' who had refused his darling, while the mother thought it was Agatha or Elinor—whichever she could not tell.

"Rodman, Emmons and Field made up their minds that they would see no more of the 'Princess' that afternoon, and thinking that Elinor and Agatha were not so interesting as usual, they carried them into the house and left them, though regretfully, for both were lovely girls and very beautiful. Then all the fellows went home to supper.

"About 10 o'clock that night Emmons and three or four of his friends went up to Sukohob to the Methodist church, climbed into the belfry and fastened a loop rope to the bell. Then, after getting down, they set the wheels of the bell ringing, and the bell, presently they heard the dominie of the church coming, so they dropped the rope and for safety climbed into the belfry and hid themselves.

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